

# Good Morning \$12

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## SHOP TALK

I DON'T know who it was first of three considerable targets which we destroyed with the expenditure of seven torpedoes.

"Submerged, we followed a 1,000 ton minelayer, wearing the Nazi ensign, into Monaco harbour, and fired a torpedo through the breakwater entrance at a range of 500 yards.

"With a long rumbling explosion the whole forward end of the target seemed to disintegrate. A column of water, smoke and debris flew at least 250 feet into the air, and when this had cleared away I could see through the periscope that one-third of the forward end of the target had disappeared. The remainder had settled on an even keel with nothing showing above the water but the top of the midship structure, funnel and mizzenmast.

"With their freshly won awards well hidden, six submariners, together with their families and friends made their way by various means to Sheppards Market, and they all, I'm glad to say, made the journey safely.

I hope Untiring's skipper, Lieut. Commander Robert Boyd, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., enjoyed the journey. I don't know how much you weigh sir, but I still haven't been able to get a crease back in my trousers yet.

As you will probably have gathered, the tavern we chose for our celebration was anything but quiet, and "Shorty" Wilson was all but lost on more than one occasion in a sea of khaki and blue.

Our little man with the camera refused to go down, and by standing on a few chairs and couches, was able to see over the heads of the other inmates to find out what was going on in the corner which Untiring had annexed as its own.

THIS, however, did not prevent us sinking the second ammunition ship, which blew up, scattering a fuselade of bursting shells over the escort vessels.

"Having lost both their charges, the escorts gave it up, turned towards the beach and remained—very appropriately, I thought—pointing towards the town of Finale.

Recounting another successful attack, which was carried out by Untiring on the surface in moonlight, Lt.-Com. Boyd said:

HERE everyone became very friendly, and I was quite surprised when Lieutenant Donald Wilson, D.S.C., R.A.N.V.R. asked me whether I knew of anywhere where I could get some poker dice for him. It looks rather as though there will be no gambling on board next trip, for I approached Ron Richards on the subject and he tells me they are unobtainable. If he does happen to come across any at any time, you can be sure you will hear more from him.

Thanks for the praise you gave to Good Morning C.P.O. "Guns" Willoughby, D.S.M. but I'm sure we can't be that good. I was glad to hear that Buck Ryan, Jake, and Popeye are so popular, and of course, Jane.

The beer was flowing pretty freely before the party broke up, and I can't now remember who was who out of Leading Stoker Bob Wareing, D.S.M., Leading Seaman Dicky Bird, D.S.M., and Leading Seaman Taff Robins, D.S.M. I believe it was your father I was speaking to Dicky, and I must say his performance with a pint not would be a credit to any submariner.

After a couple of hours of this, the party disintegrated, and what happened to them after this I don't know. I hope they all got home safely. Thanks, anyway, to "Bobby" Boyd and "Digger" Wilson, and to those of the crew of Untiring who were our companions for those two hours.

I think we all felt sorry for Chief E.R.A. Broadbent, D.S.M., who had to dash away after the investiture. He missed a rather "wet" party which is the usual fate of gong-winners. War can be such hell, can't it?

THE following is what Lt.-Com. Boyd had to say on the exploits for which the decorations were awarded.

"Most of our patrols were off the French Riviera," said Lieut. Boyd. "It was in Monaco harbour that we sank the



Left to Right.—L. Stoker R. Wareing, D.S.M., Lieutenant D. Wilson, D.S.C., R.A.N.V.R., L. Seaman G. Bird, D.S.M., C.P.O. A. Willoughby, D.S.M., and Lieut.-Com. R. Boyd, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N.

By DEREK HEBENTON

"The target was a 5,000 ton supply ship with four escorts, two of which were probably destroyers. At least one aircraft was circling the convoy.

"The full moon was obscured by cloud, which looked as though it might break at any moment and reveal the submarine. But there was a reasonable chance of retiring on the surface after firing, so we turned towards the target and, without reducing speed, fired torpedoes.

"A mass of flaming debris shot into the air from the target."

"We had got well away from the escorts by the time the counter-attack opened, and then many patterns of depth charges were dropped—to the huge delight of the ship's company."

"Later, we attacked two ammunition ships with two escorts. The first blew up and immediately disappeared, and then the escorts, in complete panic, fired every available weapon they had, including anti-aircraft guns, into the sea close around them.

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## Bess Just Won't Retire

By FRED KITCHEN

I WONDER what Bess thinks of life, always having sheep under her care, for—say what you like about animals being incapable of thinking—Bess's intelligence comes very near to it.

Last Saturday morning, for instance, Shep brought in the latest batch of lambs for "docking," and as soon as he opened the stackyard gate, off went Bess—not straight towards the ewes and lambs, but round the croft first to collect up the stragglers.

Then, having got the flock together, she followed slowly behind down into the pen.

Having seen them safely behind the hurdles, she sat with her tongue lolling out, while Shep got to work on the lambs, and not once had Shep told her what to do all the while.

It is at this stage that she always gets bored, for she doesn't like being inactive.

She yawns and looks at the growing pile of lambs' tails as Shep drops them over the hurdle, and pricks up her ears in anticipation of "that being the last one."

Or it may be that she remembers "lamb tail" pie in connection with this operation.

(The lambs, by the way, don't seem to mind the operation, and on being released, skip off to their mothers—apparently unaware of having "left their tails behind them.")

And so she watches her master, still panting, for even the short run round the croft "touches her wind," so that Shep keeps declaring:

"It's time the ole girl wer' pensioned off."

It must be two years ago now since Shep first talked of replacing Bess with a younger dog, but while it was easy to talk of "pensioning the ole girl off," it proved quite difficult to put into execution.

For Bess—obedient to every word of her master—has a will of her own, and absolutely refuses to accept a pension.

She will stay on Shep's old coat laid in the hedge bottom all day—or night, if need be. But stay at home on the end of a chain—no, not while Shep is in the field with another dog.

The last two young dogs that Shep has trained for sheep work have each in turn been looked upon as likely successors to Bess; because somehow Shep "couldn't pension the ole girl off."

If Bess is left at home, she whimpers and frets, and refuses to eat for several days on end, so that Shep is forced to let her "off the chain" to keep her alive.

There was one day when Shep laid down his old coat by the kennel, and, saying "Lie down, lass!" went off to his sheep with the young dog—certain that Bess would remain contentedly at home with that old familiar coat to

watch over. She never came near him that day.

But Shep, chancing to look toward the gate, saw her sharp little ears pricked up as she lay crouched in hiding. She was watching the young dog that was to take her place, as it followed. Shep around the sheep-fold or rounded up the sheep at his bidding.

Poor Bess! She knew she had committed a serious offence in leaving that old coat.

And when Shep walked across to the field gate on his way home, she had slunk away down the hedgerow.

Not until he reached home did he get another sight of her. Then a cringing, dejected Bess came crawling to his feet, begging to "be taken on again."

Shep has little emotionalism about him, but he just couldn't withstand the appeal in Bess' eyes. And so he still carries on as his faithful friend and partner.

She seems to be aware that she's "not quite what I was" as she watches the lambs' tails drop over the hurdle; and hopes to make up for her lack of stamina by zealously anticipating her master's wishes.

Shep moves aside the hurdle to let the sheep pass out, and instantly Bess is on her feet.

"Leave them to me," she seems to say. "I know just where you want them to go." And she follows them slowly up the yard and into the croft.

## Whom the Giant Feared

"JUST arrived in Town, and to be seen in a commodious room at No. 11, Haymarket, the celebrated Irish giant, Mr. O'Brien, of the Kingdom of Ireland, indisputably the tallest man ever shown. The gentleman alluded to measures near nine feet high. Admittance, one shilling."

The people who came to see Patrick Cotter (he assumed the name of O'Brien for show purposes) should have paid only 11d., if giants are charged for by the inch, for Patrick was only 9 ft. 3 ins. in height. But even at that, it was almost a world record, and no doubt the spectators considered they had had their money's worth.

Cotter made a small fortune by exhibiting himself in English towns and villages, and died at Clifton, near Bristol, in 1804 at the very advanced age, for giants, of forty-seven years. What worried him a good deal in his later years, when he lived in retirement on his ample means, was that the surgeons would be after his body. He hated the idea of becoming a specimen at Surgeon's Hall. He had given the people good value for their money by exhibiting himself to them while

## If the Elephant Can Do It, You Can

IT'S curious why so many people strive so hard to denote that the elements of good kind. Instead of tackling it times at intervals, maintain A1 health and physical strength, but give little thought all of us, and that they can be whole. Surprising as it seems, to memory material of any the stuff over two or three to mental efficiency—equally shaped to serve us not merely experiment has shown that it is much easier to memorise the people's names and faces, it is to be an easy, natural process. Similarly, when memorising

the other two may at the same time play a small part, in the operation: by image, sound, or "mouth feel." The senses of taste and smell may occasionally take a hand, but it is a relatively minor one.

Hundreds of coveted objectives are achieved, largely through the agency of efficient recollective powers. In fact, we most of us sooner or later meet the man or woman who has the drop on us with a memory that will do things which ours won't, but which we wish it would.

These folk are accounted the exceptions; but why should they be? Why amble along with just a sub-normal faculty for remembering, wishing it could be improved, but doing nothing about it, when even the most fickle of memories can be thoroughly disciplined? And without a laborious course in mnemonics or artificial aids of any sort, but just a simple system of self-training—stimulating, interesting and effective.

The reason most people forget names, faces, figures and facts is that there so often seems no real need to remember them, and so the memory mechanism neglects countless opportunities for practice.

But when one's bread and butter really depend on them—as with actors, detectives and others who must rely almost entirely on memory—you discover that your powers of recollection can be astonishing. Persuade yourself that you are in that position, and you will have laid a solid foundation on which to build a reliable memory.

Some minds excel at remembering certain types of matter, but fail in other respects. A man may be able to recall faces, but not the names that go with them, or vice versa. Memory may play you the absurd trick of enabling you to recollect telephone numbers at will, while denying you the retention of important facts and figures.

Dr. Finkelstein, Polish mathematician, could memorise a run of twenty figures in five seconds. Finkelstein was looked upon as a prodigy, but specially trained students with normal memory, have been able to perform the same feat, completely exploding the theory that an imperfect memory is incurable.

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alive. He didn't see why he should be a show object after he was dead, when he would gain nothing by it.

Perhaps he was aware of the fate of another giant, also named O'Brien, who died in 1780 and who left directions that he was to be buried at sea. Instead, he ended up in a museum.

So Patrick gave particular instructions that he was to be put in a grave strengthened with brack-work and with strong iron bars to keep out the body-snatchers. This was done, and he remained undisturbed.

D.N.K.B.

### ALEX CRACK

A few days after a farmer had sold a pig to a neighbour he chanced to pass the neighbour's place, where he saw their little boy sitting on the edge of the pig-pen watching its new occupant.

"How d'ye do, Johnny?" said he; "how's your pig to-day?"

"Oh, pretty well, thank ye," replied the boy, "how's all your folk?"

These facts are direct evidence that the elements of good kind. Instead of tackling it times at intervals, to memory material of any the stuff over two or three to be an easy, natural process. Similarly, when memorising

the essentials of a 1,000 word list or report by this method, than best to adopt the same ease of bearing when talking to the persons themselves. Then both name and face will connect and stick in the mind as surely as they will flee if the process is one of deliberate effort or strain. Or of lack of self-confidence.

The secret of the figure-recalling wizards is to recognise a set of figures as a shape, picture or sequence, not as individual numbers, and quite free of artificial props or imported associations.

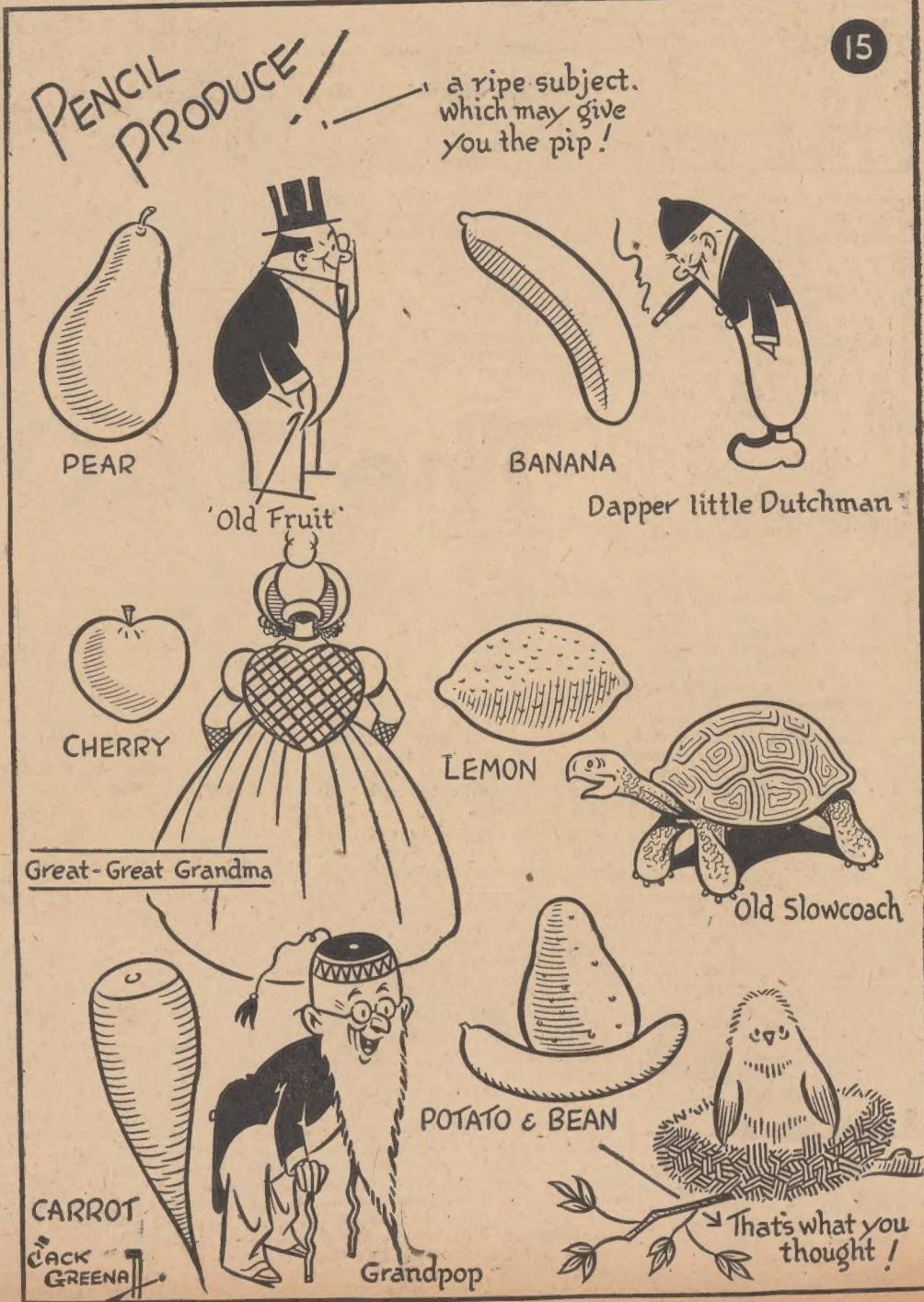
True, few people have need to retain strings of figures, but teach a child to read is not to most people in responsible positions must at times commit to give him a visual impression to memory essential sets of figures or important data. And ability to do so follows

say it himself. So, instead of having consciously to memorise them letter by letter, the pupil habitually receives visual, aural and self-mouthing images of the complete words he sees and hears.

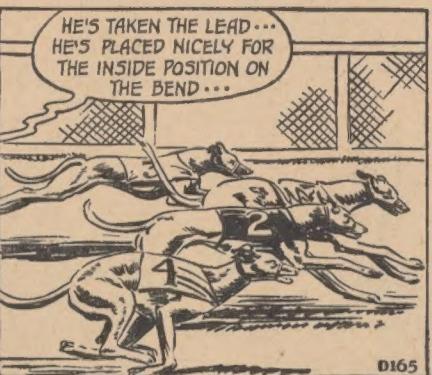
Exactly the same method should be used in committing "cramming," but by reading

Martin Thornhill

DRAW WITH JACK GREENALL. Very Fruity. Here fruit and vegetables form the basic shapes of all the drawings, proving that in the first sketch on the plate, how near the mark we are when we refer to our friends as "Old Fruit!" You never imagined, I'll bet, either that a banana could turn into a Dutchman, although it had leanings in that direction, you'll notice. A cherry becomes a Victorian lady's shawl, while who'd believe the tortoise if he told you that the answer to his basic shape was a lemon! Although Grandpop's beard is white, the basic shape of his head and whiskers, you'll notice, is distinctly carotty! While a bean and a humble spud can be transformed into a bewildered birdie at home! Pencil magic.



# BUCK RYAN



## STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

A CORRESPONDENT asks when the Post Office started in England and what postal facilities existed before Sir Rowland Hill introduced the adhesive label in 1840. I have been looking up some notes on this subject written by Mr. Samuel Graveson, an authority on postal history, and I hope they tell my correspondent what he wants to know.

In the First Report of the Postmaster-General to the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, says Mr. Graveson, submitted on January 31, 1855, there is a valuable record of the origin and growth of the Post Office. This Report was signed by Viscount Canning, who then held the office of P.M.G.

Over fifty years later, in 1911, there was published, by the order of the Postmaster-General (Herbert Samuel), another historical summary.

The historical summary in the Report of 1855 opens with the statement that "the first establishment in this country of a Postal Service for the conveyance of letters of the public is involved in some obscurity. The letters both of private and public personages were originally sent by special messengers only, and more recently by common carriers, who began to ply regularly with their pack-horses about the time of the Wars of the Roses" (15th century).

In the records of the City of Bristol of this period there is a note that the Corporation paid a penny to the carrier for carrying a letter to London. This suggests that penny postages date back much further than most people have been led to believe.

In the historical summary of 1911 we have the following: "The Germ of the Postal Service was the organisation of relays to carry the King's despatches. These relays date from 1482: the writer of the third continuation of the Chronicles of Croyland says that Richard III, when expecting the landing of Henry of Richmond in 1484, followed the practice which had been recently introduced by King Edward in the time of the last war with Scotland (1482) of appointing a single horseman for every twenty miles, by means of whom, travelling with the utmost speed and not passing their respective limits, news was always able to be carried by letter from hand to hand 200 miles within two days."

These horsemen were the original Posts. They requisitioned horses, by the royal right of purveyance, with the enforced aid of the local authority, and paid for them practically what they chose.

Posts were not originally permanent on any road, but were set up as required. They were controlled from the King's household, and an officer was appointed to direct them, known as the Master of the Posts. The first Master of the Posts whose name is known was Brian Tuke, appointed by Henry VIII about the year 1516.

And here are three fixed dates relative to the early carriage of letters:—

1533.—Letter from Brian Tuke to Thomas Cromwell (original in Public Record Office) states that there were no settled posts on any road except to Dover; elsewhere posts were set up when required, and constables were often obliged to take horses out of ploughs and carts.

1548.—The charge for post horses impressed for the service of the Crown was fixed by statute at a penny a mile.

1555.—For the posts on the Dover Road, then clearly permanent, an Ordinance was issued by Philip and Mary for their better organisation: the established posts of the different stages along the road were to have a monopoly of letting out horses to "currors" with the packet and supplying guides to travellers. They were to have a horn hanging at their door, or a painted sign to show it was the Post House.

Illustrated this week is a Hitler portrait stamp of 1941 overprinted by the French postal authorities in October, 1944, to commemorate the liberation of Saverne; a French charity stamp depicting the Cathedral of Beauvais; and a United States stamp commemorating the centenary of the founding of Florida.





**SOME WENT TO THE ZOO.**  
These two pictures show the holiday crowds who flocked to the London Zoo in Regent's Park. On the left you see them watching the lions being fed. On the right you see them feeding themselves. The lions were NOT let out to watch them — which seems a trifle unfair.

## BANK HOLIDAY MONDAY

This page of pictures shows you how some of the folks of England spent their Easter break — the sixth Easter of this war. The two days' respite from work was not wasted by any one — although the weather was far from kind.



**SOME WENT TO THE RIVER.**

The steamers opened their season at Richmond, Windsor, Hampton Court and other Thames resorts. The boatmen estimated that there were 50,000 holiday-makers thronging the tow-path at Richmond on the Bank Holiday.



**GRANDMA WENT TO 'APPY 'AMSTEAD.**

A whirl on the steam roundabout seemed to do Grannie's liver good. She could pick her steed in comfort — for the bad weather kept the crowds away.



**THOUSANDS MORE WENT TO THE FAIR.**

This picture and the two directly below it were taken by "Fuse" Wilson, who spent his Bank Holiday on Hampstead Heath. "Fuse" is disappointed that the light was so bad that he could not get any good pictures of the lassies on the chairoplanes.



"Fuse" went up on the swing-boats himself to get this picture for you. Conscientious, that's what he is.



Here's a Jack trying to win an art pot or a glass decanter at Roll-em. "Fuse" watched him spend a week's pay without any luck.



**THE LUCKY FEW WENT TO THE SEA.**

This was the scene on Brighton beach. For many of the youngsters it was the first time they had seen the sea in their short war-time lives.